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THE MORALIST.

THE GRAVE.

Nature appeared desolate and mournful, the clouds passed heavily on, shrouding all things in their gloom. The winds sighed sadly through the dark boughs that waved among the tombs;—these stood around like the ghosts of the evening, pale, silent, and motionless. Beneath the cold, but speaking marble, lay the bodies of the departed, crumbling to their primitive dust; bodies which were once among us, in all the joy of life. Our relations and friends—where are they now? Wrapped in the damp clay! Cold, emaciated and haggard when sickness tore them from us. My soul was melancholy! I thought upon the scenes of former times, when those who now lie buried were with us. They were once dear to us, but now they are alone and cold beneath the earth. On the ground fallen leaves were scattered, the emblems of man's mortality killed by the frosts of winter, and torn from their parent stems; from us, all that we hold dear. But the shadows of evening approached and all was cold, and dreary, and comfortless.—The sepulchral arches and upright monuments of the dead were losing themselves in the uncertainty of the gloom. Do the ghosts of the departed now stalk abroad? Have they burst from their cemeteries to walk amid these shades? I beheld a figure gliding across the mounds; pensively it stole among the graves like the wandering spectre of the night. It approached; it was a beautiful spirit! The raven traces were too rudely blown by the chill breath of Winter, and his frigid hand was upon her ivory neck, but the sweet spirit was regardless of it. Her white drapery flowed loosely around, as she leaned in sorrow over a tomb, which marked the repose of innocence. She spoke not; but the unutterable meaning of the look she cast to heaven, and the deep sigh she heaved, betrayed the—Mother.

MISCELLANY.

From Malouin's Sketches of Persia.  
"Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hoo-senee, who, though beautiful, her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper. Giving a husband to the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hoo-senee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave; and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace. Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself. About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. 'Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik,' said he, 'on this happy event!'

'Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.' 'Do you really mean to say you are happy?' said Merdek, with a smile. 'I really am so,' replied Sadik. 'Nonsense,' said his friend; 'do we not all know to what a terminant you are united? and her temper and haughty conduct, must, no doubt, make her a sweet companion.' Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom. Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. 'My friend,' said he, 'I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say, I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife.' 'But how has this miraculous change been wrought?' 'Why,' said Sadik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hoo-senee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, adorned with a great collar, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in my hand, and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.' 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—'a word to the wise is end away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced. It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a symmetrical. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously stooped to take up the disconcerted members of the cat; but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his increased lady, laid him sprawling on the floor. The tattle and scandal of the day spread from zenah to zenah with surprising rapidity—and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. 'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff; 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should,' she added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding day!'

A PROJECT FOR THE EXTIRPATION OF RATS.

Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature hath not made them so, the cook may. Rats were as good as Rook pyc; and four tails interwisted like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeons' feet. After a

while they might be declared game by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.  
Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable. The importance of such a fashion to our farmers ought to have its weight. When our nobles and gentlemen feed their own pigs, perform for a Spanish tip the office of Pandarus of Troy, and provide heifers of great elegance for the bulls of acknowledged merit; our ladies may perhaps be induced to receive an addition to their wardrobe from the hands of the Rat-catcher, for a purpose of less equivocal utility.

Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the Hyenas, Wolves, Jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey.

If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration to either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the publisher.

STEAM ENGINE.

The fertile genius of James Watt did not stop at the accomplishment of two or three important particulars, but throughout the whole detail of the component parts and of the various applications of the engine, he contrived miracles of simplicity and usefulness. We may remark that, in the present perfect state of the engine, it appears almost a thing endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and it counts and records them as a clock does the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work; the briskness of the fire; the supply of water to the boiler; the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with mathematical precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts that should be vacuum; it warns its attendants, by ringing a bell, when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify;—and with all these talents and qualities, and though it have the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child; its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible; it consumes none while idle; it never tires, and wants no sleep; is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will work at any thing; it is a water-pump, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller;—indeed it is of all occupations; and a small engine in the character of a steam pony may be seen discharging after it on a rail-road ninety tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with speed greater than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genius of eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.

CORK BOOTS.

A great inventor (that is, in his own estimation) published to the world that he had solved the important problem of walking safely upon the water, and he invited the crowd to witness his first essay. He stepped boldly upon the wave, equipped in a pair of bulky cork boots; but it soon appeared that he had not pondered sufficiently on the subjects of the centre of gravity and of flotation, for in the next instant all that was to be seen of him was a pair of legs sticking out of the water. He was picked up by help at hand, and his genius cooled and schooled by the event, he was conducted home. Some soldiers once finding a few cork jackets among old military stores, determined to try them; but mistaking the shoulder straps for lower fastenings, they put them on as drawers, and on their plunging in, with the hope of being able to sit pleasantly on the water, their heavy heads went down, and they were nearly drowned.

THE ACTION OF THE MUSCLES.

The heel, by projecting so far backwards, is a long lever for the strong muscles which form the calf of the leg, and terminate in the tendo Achillis, to act by. These muscles, by drawing at the heel, lift the body in standing on the toes, in walking, in dancing, &c. In the negro foot the heel is so long as to be ugly in European estimation; and its great length rendering the effort of smaller muscles sufficient for the various purposes, the calf of the leg in the negro is smaller in proportion than in other races of men. In a graceful human step, the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were part of a wheel rolling forward, and the weight of the body rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes. The muscles forming the calf of the leg lift the heel, as just described, by drawing at the tendo Achillis, and produce a bending of the foot in a corresponding degree. But where strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow this bending of the foot, the heel in walking is not raised at all until the whole foot rises with it, so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and in consequence soon dwindle in size and almost disappear. Many of the English farm servants wear heavy stiff shoes, and in London it surprises one to see the drivers of country wagons, with legs which are fleshless spindles, producing a gait most awkward and unmanly. One regrets that for the sake of a trifling saving, fair nature should be thus deformed. The wives and sisters of these men, and their brothers who are otherwise well employed, are not thus misshapen. An example of an opposite kind is seen in Paris, where, as there are no side pavements in the streets, and the ladies consequently walk almost constantly on tiptoe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given a conformation of the leg and foot, to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world. They are not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city owing.

From Cook's Fairy Legends.

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.  
The ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the intercalations which the Atlantic made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the

water, as they sailed over the clear green sea, of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea-side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared; being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a county Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage. "Connor Mac na Cragh, of the seven quarters of Breen-tragh," as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, he it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whiskey between breakfast and night; which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferia; and were I to add Clanderlaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea; so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfer, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as frolicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment and all sort of diversion as he, and no less than three girls got husbands there more lucky to them any where. Every thing was as it should be; all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and according to the family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another, and at last Connor Crowe was left alone; he then pulled out his whiskey bottle, his drop of comfort as he called it; and when he required, being in grief and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful; he whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive. "If I were near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my last days, I would," said Connor, with a sigh, "as I might after a pause, that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago, there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry out the coffin out of my grave; never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion, and silent comforter, the whiskey bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 'twas the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam. Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kept burners on the strand, there, in the 'old tower,' as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well then, a hoo, hoo," said Connor, after a pause, "isn't not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself seen between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queasy, and almost began to repent his coming to have there the death of the hour, and of song, and a sketch of one of those veterans will not surely be considered inappropriate to a work like this, especially by those who consider how much the ladies of America are indebted to the free institutions established by the war of the Revolution; for their inestimable privileges of education, and that elevation of character and sentiment they now possess.

"This walk has quite tired me," said old Captain Blake, seating himself in his capacious arm chair, and placing one foot on the low stool his grand-daughter Maria arranged for him as a consolation. "A little matter overcomes me now, I find, Maria, my love, bring me a tumbler of beer. Well, Mr. Freeman, you look as if nothing could fatigue you; and I have seen the time when I thought no more of walking a dozen miles, than I do now of creeping as many rods. I remember when I marched with General Starke to Bennington—that was the first time I went as a soldier. I was then just twenty, and I carried my gun and ammunition, and a huge knapsack, containing clothing and provisions, for my kind mother was very much afraid I should suffer with hunger; and I marched with all that load about forty miles in one day, and never thought of complaining."

"You had then a glorious object in view to animate your spirit," said Horace Freeman.  
"Yes, and we obtained it," replied the old gentleman, briskly sitting upright in his chair; and the country is now enjoying the reward of our labors and sufferings. Those were dark days, 'he continued, with the air of one who is endeavoring to recall ideas of scenes, and feelings long past, and almost forgotten. "Dark days and perilous times for America, Mr. Freeman; and the events of that period cannot be too often related to the rising generation."

He paused, and seemed gathering strength and breath for a long harangue, and the young people expected the history of his three campaigns. Horace Freeman had heard the whole just six times over, and Maria at least sixty—but she was never tired of listening to her grandfather, and Horace, if he might but look on her, could listen very patiently.

It is probable the old gentleman noticed the glances interchanged by the lovers, and that they recalled forcibly to his mind some passages in his early life—at least it might have been so inferred, as the circumstances he proceeded to narrate, he had never before been heard to mention.

Captain Blake resumed—"It is easy for you young men to imagine the deeds of valor you should have performed, had you lived in the days that tried men's souls—but it is not in the battle that the heart or courage is most severely tested. Indeed there are but few men who feel any fear to fight when once the engagement has begun; it is the anticipation of the combat that makes cowards, and sometimes brave men tremble. But the most painful moment of a soldier's life, at least of those who have a dear home and kind friends, is when they part from them. I said the expedition under General Starke was the first I joined. When the news of the Lexington battle arrived, I was eager to be a soldier—but my father objected. 'No, my son,' he said, 'you are not yet arrived at your full strength, and the country requires the assistance of men, I will go.' And he went, and fought at Bunker Hill, and in the retreat across Charlestown neck he was wounded by a cannon ball from the British man of war. The ball shattered his right knee, and amputation was found necessary. It was some time before he could be brought home, and he never recovered his former health. My fa-

THE SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Old men forget; yet all shall not be forgot,  
But they'll remember with advantages,  
The facts they did that day."

Almost every man, who is advanced in years, has in his past life, some particular period which is remembered with peculiar interest. The circumstances connected with that period are treasured in the memory, often repeated, and but few topics of conversation can be introduced without furnishing an opportunity of referring, at least, if not expatiating on the important affair. And it is deserving of notice that what is, in fact, the engrossing pursuit of the multitude, namely, the acquisition of wealth, is not, even by the most devoted worldly, accounted matter of such glorious triumph as though. You rarely hear such propensity he is indulging. You rarely hear such an one boast of the cunning bargains which laid the foundation of his fortune, or the plodding thrift by which he accumulated his thousands.

Avarice is a deep rooted passion in the human breast, and its gratification ministers to vanity, yet none are vain of being thought avaricious. There is a feeling of degradation in the mind, if known to place its sole affections on the paltry, perishable things of earth, which should admonish which man was formed with nobler feelings. But feats of personal strength and activity, and "hair breadth escapes" from danger, are rewarded with a satisfaction commensurate to the labors performed, and the perils encountered; because there is a pride of personal desert in such achievements and escapes. But, above all, the glory gained in the tented field, is the theme which those who have any claim to the title of soldier, are the most ambitious to display. They all appear to feel somewhat of that yearning for "the fame which men acquire by the princely heir of Agincourt when he exclaimed—

"By Jove, I am covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coat;  
It yearns me not if I see my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the more offending soldier."

Yet whoever has heard, or read the narratives of the veterans of our revolutionary war, must have remarked that they dwell not so much on the detail of the battles and skirmishes in which they were engaged, as on the effect those actions had in deciding the contest in favor of liberty and independence. The causes which roused the Americans to take up arms, were most favorable to the development of the virtuous energies of men, and consequently that recklessness of motives, which they so fatally distinguished the men of that profession, when composed of hired mercenaries, never attached to the soldiers of our armies. It was, doubtless, matter of astonishment to the governments of Europe, that no disturbance followed the disbanding of the American soldiers; those foreigners did not know that our soldiers, when assuming that name, never abandoned the one of citizens. In fact the latter was the most gratifying to those who fought the battles of freedom, and when the necessity for further resistance ceased, they gladly relinquished their weapons and returned to the firesides their valor had preserved from insult and spoliation. It was their boast to have fought for their country, and to their country they cheerfully resigned the laurels they had won. This generous devotedness of the American soldiery to the principles of liberty and equal rights, and their prompt obedience to civil government, have no parallel in history. They have never been adequately rewarded, but let them be gratefully remembered. The desire to have their deeds the theme of story and of song, and a sketch of one of those veterans will not surely be considered inappropriate to a work like this, especially by those who consider how much the ladies of America are indebted to the free institutions established by the war of the Revolution; for their inestimable privileges of education, and that elevation of character and sentiment they now possess.

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ther was a poor, but a very respectable man; for in those days the display of wealth was not necessary to make a man respected. Good sense, industry, economy and piety were passports to the best society among the descendants of the pilgrims. My father possessed all these qualities; and, moreover, his reputation for personal courage and tried patriotism was firmly established, for who could doubt either, when he narrated, justifying the proceedings of Congress and condemning the British ministry, were always followed by a vivid description of the Bunker Hill battle, and the pain he endured from his wound, the whole closed by the solemn declaration, that his greatest anxiety and distress during the whole operation on his knee, arose from the conviction that he was, for the future, incapacitated from taking an active part in defending the liberty of his country. My father had one enemy and opponent. This was a man by the name of Saunders, our nearest neighbor. They moved into the wilderness together, and it might have been expected that mutual friendship would have been made; but they were not. In the first place, there was no similarity of mind or temper. Saunders was a man of second place, Saunders married a rich wife, and which he was very fond of displaying. My father, though various untoward accidents kept him poor, was nevertheless proud, and knew his own abilities were far superior to those of his neighbor; and so, the more ostentatiously Saunders displayed his wealth, the more contemptuously my father treated his opinions. There was scarcely a point on which the two agreed; and when the troubles between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, they immediately took different sides; my father was a flaming whig, and it was perhaps as much to avoid being termed a follower of his, for my father always took the lead in town meetings—as from principle, that Saunders declared himself for the government.

It would be a curious inquiry to trace the operation of the causes that have contributed to establish those principles, which men often boast of having adopted solely from a conviction of their truth and wisdom. How much of personal convenience, of selfish pique, of self-interest, envy, anger or ambition, would be found to mingle in the motives of the patriot and the politician! But this we will not now discuss. My father was a firm friend of his country, and a fervent christian; but he had, like other good men, his infirmities; and among them, perhaps none was more conspicuous than a persevering habit of advancing his own sentiments on almost every occasion, and a dogmatical obstinacy in defending them. He was not without the over of the advantages which the popularity of his own opinions gave him in the neighborhood. Though I embraced with enthusiasm my father's political sentiments, yet one reason made me not very much the admirer that seemed every day more bitter, between him and Mr. Saunders. There was a fair girl in the case, and I was just at the age when the affections of the heart are most warm and romantic. Mary Saunders was not an extraordinary beauty; I have seen fairer girls than she; but I never saw one whose expression of countenance was more indicative of purity of mind and sweetness of temper. But you can judge for yourself, Mr. Freeman, for Maria here is her very image—all but the eyes. Mary Saunders had black eyes; and black is, in my opinion, much the handsomest color for the eye, and generally the most expressive. Maria's eyes, you see, are blue—do, my love, look up—but their expression is very much like her grandmother's eyes.

Horace Freeman was, doubtless, very glad of the opportunity of examining, and that too by the permission of her guardian, the over of the girl he adored; but her confusion and blushes admonished him that the indulgence of his passion was fraught with pain to the object of his affection, and he endeavored to change the conversation to the subject of the battle of Bennington.

"You observed, you accompanied General Starke," said he to the old man; "were you present when the Tories under Baum were defeated?"

"Was I?" returned the old gentleman, his eyes flashing with the kindness of youthful ardor. "I guess I was, and I believe I have told you the whole story; nevertheless I will detail it again, some time, as I find you like to hear such accounts, as indeed all sensible young men do; but now I was intending more particularly to tell my own feelings and views when I first left home; accounts of battles are quite common, but war seldom read or hear a description of that warfare of mind which every soldier must undergo when he, for the first time, girds himself and goes forth to fight. I said I loved Mary Saunders, and she returned my affection; but the difficulties, every day increasing, between our families, threatened to prevent our intercourse. Mr. Saunders was the first to object, and he intimated that my father encouraged the match, notwithstanding his pretended aversion to Tories, because he thought it advantageous. This accusation kindled my father's anger to a high degree, for nothing roused his spirit like a charge of meanness; and so he absolutely prohibited me from seeing or speaking to Mary, or corresponding with her in any manner. How absurdly our passions are often allowed to control our reason and judgment, and even our inclinations! At the time when Mary and I were thus positively forbidden to meet, had our fathers spoken their real sentiments, I am persuaded they would both of them have approved our affection for each other. I was always a favorite with Mr. Saunders, and as Mary was an only child, and had no companion at home, she had passed much of her time with my sisters, and my parents had seemed equally fond of her as of their own daughters. But now all intercourse between the families was annihilated, and for some time, would have been considered a great crime."

Party spirit was then, and always will be, wherever indulged, the bane of society and good neighborhood. But the peculiar circumstances in which the whigs were placed justified, in some measure, the asperity they cherished against all denominated Tories. There are some nowadays that write histories of that war, and pretend to describe the feelings and spirit that then pervaded America, but this cannot be done. There was at that time agitation in the minds of men which words can never describe. The uncertainty that hung over the destiny of our country, the exertions and sacrifices that all good patriots felt must be made before success could be hoped for—the possibility of a failure, and a dread of the consequences that must ensue, all these thoughts pressed on the soul, filling it with an indescribable anxiety and gloom. But though there was sometimes, in the mind of the firmest and most determined patriot, doubt, there was seldom dismay. He considered the principles for which he contended so important, and the prize so glorious, that even though assured that he could not have succeeded, he would not have yielded. "Give me liberty or give me death" was not the motto of Patrick Henry only, thousands of our citizens subscribed to the same sentiment. I remember when the news of the approach of Burgoyne's army, and the retreat of



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